

Persephone

presented in pageant form by the

Pupils of the Bishop's School

San Diego

in their school gardens

Commencement Week of the Bishop's Schools

June the eighth

nineteen hundred and fourteen

Written for the school by

Mrs. Isabelle Fiske Conant

Committees

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1914

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Characters

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

PART ONE

Student	-	-	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY CLOWES
Inspiration	-	-	-	-	-	-	HELEN WILLIAMS
Chorus	-	-	-	-	-	-	CONSTANCE VOGT
Persephone	-	-	-	-	-	-	KATHARINE OWERS
Her Companions	{	Thetis	-	-	-	-	KATHARINE SPALDING
		Persis	-	-	-	-	KATHARINE LLOYD
		Helen	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH GRIFFISS
		Vera	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY GRAHAM
		Alethea	-	-	-	-	ENID OWERS
Daffodils	CECILIA LEMON, DOROTHY LEMON, PAULINE MOORE, EDITH MORAN, KATHLEEN SHANNON						
Pan	-	-	-	-	-	-	TEYNHAM WOODWARD
Satyrs	-	AUGUSTUS MACK, ERIC PEPYS, EDWARD POST, SHERBORN SHOURDS, RICHARD WILLIAMS					
Demeter (Ceres)	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARY WIGHT
Goddesses	{	Hera	-	-	-	-	LOUISE FLEMING
		Athena	-	-	-	-	LUCY CLARK
		Artemis	-	-	-	-	MILDRED SALMONS
		Vesta	-	-	-	-	AMELIA WILLIAMS
		Aphrodite	-	-	-	-	MARIE SILSBEE
Cupid (Eros)	-	-	-	-	-	-	PITTS MACK
Pomona	-	-	-	-	-	-	JEAN MILLER
San Diego	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET KEW
Sunbeams,	LUCILE BRENTNER, BEATRICE COWLES, FLORA FORWARD, VIRGINIA FROST, HELEN POST, RUTH RAMSDELL						
Shadows	-	RUTH CAMPBELL, PATTIE FERRIS, MARGARET WILLIAMS, CAROLYN WOOD, DOROTHEA SEAVER, LOIS SEAVER					

Characters

PART TWO

The Periods of the History of San Diego

Mexican Dance	-	-	-	-	-	-	LOUISE KENDALL
Spanish Dance	-	-	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY KENDALL
Toreador	-	-	-	-	-	-	CATHERINE LITTLE
Father Junipero Serra	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELSIE DUNN
Father Salviaderra	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARTHA WINGATE
Ramona	-	-	-	-	-	-	THELMA HYDE
Indian Convert	-	-	-	-	-	-	CECIL CULLEN

GARDEN SCENE

Dryads	-	-	-	-	-	-	ALICE BARTLETT, MARJORIE FERRIS, GERTRUDE MYERS, HELEN SPARE
Breezes	-	-	-	-	-	-	NATALIA BLAIR, KATHERINE FOX, BETTY GADDES, MARY HOEDE- MAKER, MARY OSBORN, KATHERINE WILLIAMS
Poppies	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH AKERMAN, FLORENCE ANTHONY, CONSTANCE DANAY, ELLA NORINE O'NEALL, KATHLEEN WOODARD, AMY KLAUBER
Cactus	-	-	-	-	-	-	LEWIS AKERMAN
Road Runner	-	-	-	-	-	-	JACK HAWLEY
Butterfly	-	-	-	-	-	-	ANNETTE MASTEN
Quail	-	-	-	-	-	-	CECIL BOLTON
House Finches	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH ALLEN, VORA SUMPTION
The Atlantic Ocean	-	-	-	-	-	-	HILDA KRAEMER
The Pacific Ocean	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELAINE SWEET
The Sun	-	-	-	-	-	-	ELIZABETH GRIFFISS
The Locks of the Panama Canal	-	-	-	-	-	-	THE PROCESSION
The Spirit of the Exposition	-	-	-	-	-	-	VERE DOVE
Alumnae	-	-	-	-	-	-	ALICE WANGENHEIM
Dance of Juniors and Seniors	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Epilogue	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS MARIAN LYNNE

Costumes executed by San Diego Costume Co.

Part One

The Myth of Persephone

Prologue

Well-known the old myth, sad and sweet,
The story of the grain,
How Ceres, grieving at the feet
Of goddesses, came to entreat
Her lost child back again.

One after one, they turned away,
Nor would to Ceres hark;
Persephone, until the day
Of summer, might not steal away
From Pluto's winter dark.

And in the tale are truths of spring
And of the mother heart,
Of human destinies that bring
Unto each song of hope we sing
Its deeper, better part.

But here today an ending new
We give this story old,
Brighter and gladder and still true,
For here the skies year-round are blue,
And gray is turned to gold.

Pomona, queen of fruitful trees,
May save Persephone,
For orchards, fragrant in the breeze,
Bloom here year-round beside the seas,
Nor Pluto fear to see.

Here San Diego, summer's maid,
Hath Ceres' child released,
While mission bells are chiming, played,
And ships have in the harbor weighed
Their anchors from the east.

Against the mountains rises, white,
A city, dome and spire,
Accomplished in a magic night,
Lit with the future's westward light,
A land of heart's desire.

Persephone

A student enters from the schoolroom, with a book in hand. She muses. Inspiration appears in the doorway and stands behind her unseen, but enfolding her.

Student: Just now we read of sweet Persephone,
And then I came to dream here, by the sea,
All the old story over; of the grief
Of that fair goddess of the harvest-sheaf;
Mother Demeter, kindest friend to man.
And now I see the meaning and the plan
Of that old tale; a whisper says to me
That winter cold, and night-time shadowy,
The fading leaf, and, after harvest, frost,
And human grief, and all hopes that are lost,
Were in this fashion told in classic metre,
The story old—and new—of sad Demeter.
Had that been here, the myth had not been sad,
For here is always summer, bright and glad,
And now once more, the myth seems taking place.
I see each classic form and each fair face.
Again it comes to pass; the ages fade,
I see Persephone, that long-lost maid.

*Inspiration, leaning over
her touches her, she rises,
rapt and radiant.*

*The Pageant begins to
form in the distance. The
chorus enters and sings.
Persephone and her com-
panions enter slowly.*

Chorus: With her maidens careless playing,
Fair Persephone
Near to Pluto's realm is straying,
By a hidden sea.

*Persephone and her com-
panions play ball. Their
merry laughter is heard at
intervals.*

Thetis: Persis, come, catch this ball!

Persis: Thetis, now, you!

Helen: Oh! You have let it fall! Play the game through!

Vera: Too merry laughter hinders our play.

Alethea: Follow! Run after! Hasten this way!

*Persephone runs off and
the girls follow.*

Persephone: Come to the flowers, maidens! Golden they shine!
Here are the hours laden with joy divine!
Little bright suns of daffodils,
Shine all at once on fields and hills!

*The little flowers come
dancing around Perse-
phone. She sits in their
midst and plays with
them. The maidens come
running up. The flowers
run off: one is dropped
and lies neglected.*

Helen: Dearest Persephone, leave us not, pray.

Vera: We must keep watch of you all through the day.

Persephone: Though I've been bidden not far to stray
I'll not be chidden on such a day.
There is no danger, that I well know,
I am no stranger where'er I go.

Flowers: To those Maying in this field
Strange things straying are revealed.

Chorus: Pan is piping, hoofed and hairy,
But beware! This stranger,
With his satyrs, nature's fairy,
Lures ye unto danger.

*The pipes of Pan are
heard afar. Persephone
follows. The satyrs come
rollicking in, and draw
the maidens away from
Persephone.*

*The Pipes of Pan come nearer and nearer. As he dances up the Satyrs draw the maid-
ens away.*

Pan: Unto Pan hearken, lover of light,
Ere the day darkens, when cometh night.

Satyrs: Folk that are furry, hoof, hand and horn,
To Maidens Never need worry since they are born,
We, Pan's gay satyrs, know not of duty,
To us, naught matters, but pleasure and beauty.

Maidens: Come, let us follow these fellows strange,
Up hill, down hollow, where'er they range.

Persephone; Stay, once more smile to me; shaggy thy coat.
To Pan Pipe here awhile to me; sweet is thy note.

Pan: If thou come after, then I can play.
Hear the brook's laughter! Follow this way.

Persephone: Pity! Pan, Pity! I am afraid!
Heard, Unseen This is the city of darkness.

Pan: Too Late!

Demeter: Where is my daughter? What have you done?
Run to the water! Search one by one.
Back whence ye came! Soon shall I serve
Ye whom I blame, as ye deserve!

*They run off laughing
and calling. He returns.*

*He leads her on. They
disappear.*

She screams.

*Demeter comes running.
The maidens return.*

*They search helplessly.
They go with sorrow and
dejection.*

Demeter, finding a withered flower that Persephone has dropped, picks it up and carries it tenderly away. The flower is a child. Its head falls back again, drooping.

Demeter: Dear little bloom, with which she played.
In what dark room can she have strayed.
She cannot speak, and I must go
To those less weak, who all things know.

*She goes. The chorus
appears, singing.*

Chorus: Pluto, with the darkness shrouded,
Steals the summer weather,
Now with storm the skies are clouded,
Cold and dark together.

Wearing winter's mourning white,
Ceres comes, in loring
Freedom from her winter's night
For her child adoring.

Demeter: Come Aphrodite! Artemis, come!
Come Hera, mighty, where dost thou roam?
Vesta! Athena! Would it were shown her
Where my child rests her. Come, dear Pomona!
Spirits of water, air and the earth,
Save my dear daughter, give me back mirth.

*Demeter returns, wandering
and distrait. At last
she calls upon the god-
desses, and they enter, in
answer to their names,
each with her symbol of
office and in characteris-
tic fashion, through the
windows of the facade,
which represents their
Olympian abodes.*

Demeter: Queen of the Powers of this heavenly city
End my sad hours; on a mother take pity.

*Kneeling to Hera, who
is disdainful.*

Hera: Knowest thou not that over the earth
After the hot days comes winter dearth?
Thy child, the summer, must fade away,
Till, a new-comer, once more shines May.

Demeter: Thou of the crystal mind, of the fair face,
Can'st thou my daughter find, strayed from this
place?

*Demeter goes beseech-
ingly to Athena, who
turns away preoccupied.*

Athena: Thoughts more bewildering busy my hours
Than of lost children, gathering flowers.

- Demeter:** Artemis, swift to run, search for my daughter
Everywhere 'neath the sun, on land or water. *Artemis is scornful.*
- Artemis:** Never with motherhood would I be laden.
Mayhap some other could find thee thy maiden.
- Demeter:** Maiden that tends the flame, night's gentle sun,
Hark to the deed of shame Pluto hath done— *Vesta waves her off.*
- Vesta:** I have my lamps to tend; ask me no more.
Only so night I mend; go, I implore. *Demeter approaches Aphrodite, by whose side stands Eros, who shoots arrows into the group of maidens, who are playing with flowers at some distance.*
- Demeter:** O, Aphrodite!
Imploring
- Aphrodite:** Aim, Eros, aim!
Unheeding Thy shot is mighty; merry this game.
- Demeter:** O, Goddess, hear me! Thee, I implore!
- Aphrodite:** Come thou not near me! Eros, once more! *Apart, the companions of Persephone tell fortunes on flower petals; each is wounded in turn and runs off, laughing, silent, or weeping, in turn.*
- Helen:** Say, does he love me, or love me not?
Love cannot move me! Oh! I am shot!
- Thetis:** I, too, am wounded, but must not tell,
- Persis:** My knell has sounded, too! Comrades, farewell.
- Vera:** Venus and Cupid shoot as they will.
The heart is stupid that they cannot kill.
- Alethea:** Break thy bow, cruel boy, shoot not again.
Love to me is no joy, but it is pain.
- Demeter:** Thou art not goddess of loving, but scorn
Naught thy heart's moving.
- Aphrodite:** Back to thy corn,
Let thy care harvest be,
No more dare trouble me—
- Chorus:** Light o' love is Aphrodite,
She will never hear thee,
Hast thou no friend that is mighty
To stand strong and near thee?
Demeter sinks down in utter discouragement. The chorus sings.
Everywhere apathy,
Scorn and disdain,
Yet cometh sympathy,
Sharer of pain.
- Pomona:** Goddesses! Shame upon your powers that smite
A grieving mother with long winter night.
Her daughter was with Pluto all this while
And, mourning her, she could not eat or smile,
Naught but the pomegranate did she taste,
And that has her in my protection placed.
To Pluto his great realm, but unto me
Full power in my small kingdom; of the tree
Where pomegranates ripen under skies
As blue and starry as this maiden's eyes
For whom I plead; nay, for whom I command.
For when she touched that sweet fruit with her hand
Under my jurisdiction then she came, *Pomona comes slowly forward from her pomegranate-tree in the distance, touches and raises Demeter. She speaks now to her; now to the goddesses.*

And I am merciful to her, and name
 Her free to meet her mother in what clime
 The pomegranate grows, at any time.
 The power of endless summer is my gift,
 And I have sympathy and love enough to lift
 From sweet Persephone her winter state
 And from a mother's heart its load too great.
 Thy daughter tasted pomegranates. She
 Is under their sweet spell and may go free
 Wherever pomegranates grow and bear.
 My hand-maid, San Diego guards them, where
 Thou mayst have thy daughter all the year
 Nor aught of cold or winter ever fear.
 But now we must to Pluto's realm take flight,
 And against darkness wage our war of light.

*The scene shifts and she
 leads Demeter to the
 pomegranate tree.*

INTERLUDE, THE AUDIENCE FOLLOWS

*Pomona and Demeter approach the land of shadows. Persephone is seen alone, with
 a hand mirror striving to catch some ray of outer sunlight. She is downcast, and closely
 guarded by shadows under the vines and shrubs of the court.*

Persephone: How have I changed! This mirror shows to me
 Not one that ranged so happy and care-free
 Here in the dark, where it is always night—
 What is that? Hark! Oh, see, it is the light!

*She sees her mother ap-
 proaching and holds her
 hands out to her, but the
 shadows hold her back.*

Demeter: I cannot bear to have it so,
 Shadows, be fair and let her go.

Persephone: Oh! mother, 'tis my grief, not yours, is great
 'Tis only dark since motherless I wait.

Demeter: Dear, light is only thy warm hair of gold,
 I have been lonely through darkness and cold.

*Again the shadows hold
 her back.*

Pomona: Dear troubled sister, I with rescue come,
 Soon may'st thou lead thy daughter once more
 home,

Pomona comes forward.

My hand-maid, San Diego, guards this tree
 And she shall rescue sweet Persephone.
 Come, sunbeams, from this city of the sun,
 And win the battle for me, one by one.
 Sunbeam with shadow and then all together,
 Win victory for Ceres and bright weather.
 Come, San Diego, call thine armies gay,
 Where thou art present, it is always day.

*San Diego appears and
 marshals the sunbeams:
 a troop of children in
 bright yellow costumes.*

San Diego: Come, little rays of light, feared by the dark,
 Born where the days are bright, follow and hark.
 Leave your flower meadows, quick with me wend
 From the sour shadows save our sweet friend.

Chorus: San Diego, sunny region
 Marshals on her peaceful meadows
 All her sunbeam armies legion
 'Gainst the onslaught of the shadows.

Across the years,
 O summer city,
 Come, end her fears,
 Her grieving pity.

*The fight begins and is
 waged with varying for-
 tunes until at last the sun-
 beams win.*

Darkness, however, frown you
 With light, they drive you far
 With floods of light they drown you,
 With sunbeams win their war.

Mother Demeter,
Sing with the lark,
Light is the sweeter
After the dark.

As stars fade in light
So dark fades in the sun.
Fear now is delight
And grieving is done.

Demeter: My prayers are strong and all is done.
No dark or wrong can hide the sun.

Pomona:
To San Diego.

Let all your poppies dance with every breeze
While turquoise skies gaze on sapphire seas,
Let mellow bells ring out from storied tower
And toll as through the centuries, each prayer-hour
Beads of the hours, a wondrous rosary
That time still tells, beside the chanting sea.
Demeter now hath her sweet child again
And all her motherhood of ripened grain.
And now Poseidon's sundered oceans meet
In magic, east and west, and white ships greet
The summer's child in harbor of the sun.
The winning of Persephone is done.

Pomona, Demeter and Persephone dance together rejoicing.

Demeter and Persephone, during the singing, kneel to Pomona, who raises them. The three.

Part Two

San Diego

The scene shifts to the tennis courts, with the bay in the background, representing the city of San Diego. There follows an historical series of dances portraying the development of San Diego, from its beginning to the present time.

Old Spanish dances,
Come back again,
Dark maids, bright glances,
Castles in Spain.

Soul-deep in visions,
Knee-deep in bloom,
Way for our missions,
Reverence and room!

From towers, age-yellow,
Echo and chime,
Lovely and mellow,
Float down through time.

Sapphires are sky and sea,
Opals, the flowers,
Ye are a rosary,
Gems of the hours.

Green cactus wardens,
Armed with the thorn,
Guard our wild gardens
From night till morn.

Sentinels single,
Eucalyptus and palm,
Keep our school ingle
From harbor harm.

One with its windy motion;
One, with its sunlit spray,
Ocean is met with ocean,
Along a narrow way.

A wide world's exposition
At westering of the sun
Declares the Soul's decision
That light and growth are one.

A Mexican-Spanish dance is given.

The Fathers enter, accompanied by their Indian converts, and ring the bells of the Campanile.

The poppies dance. The school garden is represented. The thorny cactus is a refuge for the birds. The palm tree is shown and the eucalyptus. They blow in the wind and shelter the birds.

The Atlantic ocean is shown, dressed in stormy gray, and accompanied by the breezes. The Pacific, dressed in blue, is accompanied by the sunshine. There follows the dance of the wind and of the sun. The oceans, at opposite sides of the tennis court, then enter, each her end of the canal, which is made up of a series of locks, a double file of the whole cast, in costume of the different parts. Gates are opened and closed for the entrances of the oceans to the different locks. The breezes are left drooping without and the Atlantic discards her gray robe for a blue one, matching that of the Pacific. The sunshine follows, and when the oceans have passed through the canal and come to the seated figure of the exposition, the sun dances. The procession then forms, marches and masses about the Exposition, in a final tableau. Then follows a dance between the Seniors and Juniors, the roses and the lilies. The Juniors present the Seniors to the Alumnae, who are waiting to receive them. The Epilogue is read.

Epilogue

These are your daughters,
Friends: She was no sweeter,
Girlish Persephone,
Dear to Demeter.
Even so you love them;
They are like flowers,
Bright their school hours,
Here by the waters,
Blue heavens above them.
Yonder, the blue sea.

Love them the more, pray,
For this our out-door day.

Garden Song

Sing one and all within our garden,
By sentinels of palm and pine,
Beneath our eucalyptus warden,
Our beacon and our sign.

Campus and court and study-arbor,
Low, classic walls and chapel dim;
Sun-golden breezes from the harbor
Mingle with the morning hymn.

Lily and rose and vine, sweet rover,
Poppies and classes by the bay;
Four years of school are quickly over,
Like the bird's flight and away.

More than our lessons we were learning
By canyon deep and white arcade,
Our thoughts shall oft be backward turning
To these old friendships made.

Then sing to all our school and classes,
Give our Seniors each the cheer,
As she from Alma Mater passes;
We shall follow them next year.

*Juniors
sing alone.*

As alumnae, may they ever
Workers in the wide world be,
Failing in their service never,
Stronger for this memory.

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